

O Godzilla, awaken us from rubber dreams.  
Give us something to pray for. And  
make all the Japs rich, too.

#### THE RUSSIAN AUTHOR AND THE CREAM PIE

Unfamiliar with American ways, he tries to put kopecks  
into the Servomation machine. His fur cap seems at least  
out of place, if not ridiculous, in this balmy California  
summer.

Upstairs he lugs his dreary novels. She finds him out,  
offers her coed charms. Kiss me, stupid. He steps  
forward into a chocolate cream.

Go figure women anyway. Somebody hand the man a  
towel.

#### LOVE ON A ROOF TOP

We are newly-weds. We live  
in an attic apartment. My  
meagre salary as an apprentice  
architect barely supports us.

Evenings we eat pizza in bed.  
The man next door befriends us.  
He is a genius and works  
for an ad agency. He tries out  
jingles on us.

We decorate the place in  
second-hand camp. Wild antics  
in bed. The joy of cold feet  
on linoleum.

Your love for me  
astounds the neighbors.

We buy a big brass bed. It  
gets away and rolls down a  
San Francisco hill.

You want kittens, parakeets,  
babies. I work hard nights,  
drawing famous buildings,  
monuments to you.